

very deep for walking. After crossing the Euphrates twice by substantial stone bridges, I halted at Ashkala, a village of *khans*, at a clean but unfinished *khan* on the bank of the river, and in a room with unglazed windows and no possibility of making a fire experienced a temperature of 5° below zero. My dinner froze before I could finish it, the stock of potatoes for the journey, though wrapped in a fur cloak inside my *yekdan*, was totally spoilt, and my ink froze. The following day was cloudy and inclined to snow rather than frost, and the crossing of the much-dreaded Kop Dagħ was managed without difficulty in five hours, in snow three feet deep. There is a refuge near the summit, but there are no habitations on the ascent or descent. It is a most dangerous pass, owing to the suddenness and fury of the storms, and only last winter sixty fine camels and ten drivers perished there in a blizzard. My *zaptieh* was left behind ill at the refuge, and I made the remainder of the journey without an escort. The Kop Dagħ, 7500 feet in altitude, forms the watershed between the Euphrates valley and the Black Sea, and on such an afternoon as that on which I crossed it, when wild storms swept over successive mountain ranges, and yet wilder gleams lighted up the sinuous depression which marks the course of the Trat, the view from its lofty summit is a very striking one.

It was dark when I reached the very miserable hamlet on the western side of the Kop, and as earlier caravans

had taken up the better accommodation, I  
had to content  
myself with a recess opening out of a camel  
stable. The  
camels sat in circles of ten, and pleasant  
family parties  
they looked, gossiping over their chopped  
straw, which,  
with a ball of barley-meal dough in the  
morning, con-  
stitutes their slender but sufficient diet.  
Nothing gives  
a grander idea of the magnitude and  
ramifications of  
commerce than the traffic on the road from  
Erzerum to